ſhould rather careſs this dog than her children? Or, that ſhe ſhould prefer the rant of flattery to the ſimple accents of ſincerity?

To illuſtrate this remark I muſt be allowed to obſerve, that men of the firſt genius, and moſt cultivated minds, have appeared to have the higheſt reliſh for the ſimple beauties of nature; and they muſt have forcibly felt, what they have ſo well deſcribed, the charm, which natural affections, and unſophiſticated feelings ſpread round the human character. It is this power of looking into the heart, and reſponſively vibrating with each emotion, that enables the poet to perſonify each paſſion, and the painter to ſketch with a pencil of fire.

True taſte is ever the work of the underſtanding employed in obſerving natural effects; and till women have more underſtanding, it is vain to expect them to poſſeſs domeſtic taſte. Their lively ſenſes will ever be at work to harden their hearts, and the emotions ſtruck out of them will continue to be vivid and tranſitory, unleſs a proper education ſtores their mind with knowledge.

It is the want of domeſtic taſte, and not the acquirement of knowledge, that takes women

women out of their families, and tears the ſmiling babe from the breaſt that ought to afford it nouriſhment. Women have been allowed to remain in ignorance, and ſlaviſh dependence, many, very many years, and ſtill we hear of nothing but their fondneſs of pleaſure and ſway, their preference of rakes and ſoldiers, their childiſh attachment to toys, and the vanity that makes them value accompliſhments more than virtues.

Hiſtory brings forward a fearful catalogue of the crimes which their cunning has produced, when the weak ſlaves have had ſufficient addreſs to over-reach their maſters. In France, and in how many other countries, have men been the luxurious deſpots, and women the crafty miniſters?—Does this prove that ignorance and dependence domeſticate them? Is not their folly the by-word of the libertines, who relax in their ſociety; and do not men of ſenſe continually lament that an immoderate fondneſs for dreſs and diſſipation carries the mother of a family for ever from home. Their hearts have not been debauched by knowledge, nor their minds led aſtray by ſcientific purſuits; yet, they do not fulfil the peculiar duties which